



# Jap Safety Zone Proposed

## Our Daily Bread

Sliced Thin by The Editor

ALEX. H. WASHBURN

Letter From Bridegroom-to-Be

Among the nationally-syndicated columns appearing in The Star is Ruth Millett's "We, the Women," issued from the New York office of NEA Service (Cleveland) to 800 American daily papers. And to Miss Millett, in care of The Star, yesterday an Army private addressed the following communication:

"Dear Miss Millett: There was an article written by you in The Hope Star during the week of August 17 to the 23d, headed 'This Fall's Young Bridegroom Can Be Pretty Sure It's Love.'

"I read the article and found it very interesting and inspiring, and would like to copy to send to my fiancee, whom I expect to marry shortly; that is, when I am released from the Army."

"I would appreciate it very much if you would send a copy of it to me as I would like to send it to her. If there's any charge, send it C. O. D. Thanking you, I am

PRIVATE BLANK"  
September 1, 1941  
Camp Robinson, Arkansas.

PRIVATE BLANK—naturally the public has no right to know the name in a matter strictly confidential between the syndicated columnist and the soldier—has been furnished a free copy from The Star's file, and the original letter has been forwarded to Miss Millett at her New York office.

It may be that you will see this same letter pop up in the syndicated column in the next week or so.

Somehow, it gives every newspaper a worth-while feeling when one of its "standing features" causes a citizen to sit down and write a sincere and grateful letter. The national columnists get thousands of such letters—but in the smaller cities, where everyone knows everybody else, they are rarer, which is regrettable.

\*\* \* \* \*  
By WILLIS THORNTON  
Reapportionment Again

There was a census in 1940. The Constitution and the laws enacted thereafter provide that the representation of the states in the national congress shall be apportioned in accordance with population as revealed by each 10-year census.

When the census returns were all totted up at the end of 1940, Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones reported to the President the results, together with what they mean for the various states. Some states stand to gain representation in future congress after the 1942 elections, others stand to lose, because they have gained or lost population since the last census.

All this is right and proper, since under our form of government representation should be equalized as nearly as possible. Congress always hesitates to do its duty in this matter. Up to 1920 it stalled into that duty by simply increasing the size of the house adding members for states with increasing population, without taking any away from the others.

In that year it was decided to freeze the total at 435, and a good thing, too. That is plenty big enough, and some critics say it is unwieldy. Obviously, as the national population grows and the house is not increased in membership, members must represent larger and larger constituencies, and some districts must eventually be eliminated or consolidated.

Now, however, comes an interesting problem within the problem. In Illinois, a suit has been filed by State Representative Daly of Alton asking the state courts to prohibit election of congressmen from Illinois on the basis of the 25 congressional districts as they now stand. If the courts support Daly's plea, either the legislature would have to meet in special session and quickly redistrict the state, or else next year all congressmen from Illinois (26) would have to be elected at large.

The present districts were set up in 1901. There have been great shifts of population within the state since then, and Daly contends that it is unjust that, for example, the 10th district should contain 625,000 people, while the 5th has only 112,000. That would seem so obvious as to require no argument.

The road is a degenerate cowpath. It goes all to pieces. Trucks groan through it in compound low gear. Pretty soon they just groan—no go. The road has dissolved. Where it was a mess that looks like equal parts waffle batter, chocolate pudding and library paste. They hook wire ropes to the trucks and snake 'em out with winches. They get their tents up. The smart ones ditch all around their tents so the rainwater drains off, leaving the tent floor dry. Lazy rookies don't. Their bedding begins to float. They'll dig ditches next time.

Your bungalow in Military Heights is a snug affair, called a pup tent. The pup was the runt of the litter. Two soldiers share a space roughly seven by four feet. Sardines don't get better acquainted.

Army kitchens are compact, gas-burning units. They can cook a meal, bouncing along at 40 miles an hour. Even if the kitchen truck stalls, dinner will be ready. That makes up for plenty in the field.

The bathroom lacks a certain touch of privacy. The bath is a 10-gallon

A man is taller when he is lying down than when he is standing.

A Thought  
Man is born into trouble, as the sparks fly upward.—Job 5:7.

## Hope Thanked by Home Folks of the Soldiers

### Letters Reach Civilian Military Council From 'Back Home'

Hope's hospitality to the soldiers of America during the Second Army maneuvers of 100,000 men in this section last week already is bringing letters of thanks—one from New York City, another from Kansas City, Kan.

Talbot Feild, Jr., chairman of the Hope Civilian Military Council, had received three letters up to noon Tuesday. Here is the first:

From a Wife  
"To the people of Hope, Ark., and the Civilian Military Council:

"This is just a grateful letter from the wife of an obscure private in the service of the Army of the United States, who wishes to thank you in the name of all the wives, parents and relatives of the boys who are so kindly received in your town.

"Although it is very difficult here at home to reconcile ourselves to our boys being away it makes our burden much easier to carry when we know that they are so well treated in a place so far from home.

"Yours must be a great little town, and the people in it very humane, "Very sincerely yours

August 29, 1941

MRS. BERNARD RITZ'

1341 Southern Blvd., Bronx, New York City.

From a Mother

And this one, from a boy's mother:

"Dear Hope citizens:

"I wish to thank you for your kindness to my son Norman Doolittle, during his stay there. In his letter to me he says:

"This is the first time since I became a soldier for Uncle Sam that we've been treated like human beings, not dogs."

"So I'm thanking you from my heart. It's too bad other towns can't follow your good example."

"Truly, his mother

DORA DOOLITTLE"

August 30, 1941

1304 S. 2nd St., Kansas City, Kan.

From a Corporal

And the third letter, from a man in the Army:

"Gentlemen: I want to express my appreciation to the Civilian Military Council and to the people of Hope for their kindness and interest toward the soldiers. Especially will I remember Hope for the shower-baths. They were a great help to our morale.

"I speak for my fellow soldiers as well as for myself.

"Very sincerely yours

CORP. GERALD CROUCH"

August 29, 1941

Hq. Det. 3, 2d Inf., APO 35

Camp Robinson, Arkansas

Feild's Statement

Commenting on the letters, Mr. Feild as chairman of the Civilian Military Council said:

"On behalf of the Hope Civilian Military Council I wish to thank all the citizens of Hope and Hempstead county for the splendid spirit of co-operation which they have shown in welcoming and entertaining our soldiers while they were visitors in our city. The people of Hope and Hempstead county have truly upheld the national tradition of Southern hospitality.

"Already the Hope Civilian Military Council has received these letters of thanks and appreciation for the kindness and hospitality shown by the people of our city and county.

"The appreciation expressed by the wife and the mother is more than enough to repay us all for the time which we have given to our soldiers.

TALBOT FEILD, JR., CHAIRMAN

Hope Civilian Military Council

## Cranium Crackers

Love Thwarted

Many a happy romance on the screen comes to a tragic ending before the picture ends when the lovers fail to marry. Name the picture in which each of the following pairs didn't get married, and it should be kept bright and clean.

1. Vivian Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

2. Madeleine Carroll and Sterling Hayden.

3. Bette Davis and Leslie Howard.

4. Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart.

5. Margaret Sullavan and Chas. Boyer.

Answers on Comic Page

## Army Begins Second Phase of Maneuvers

### Activities Tuesday Witnessed By Two British Army Officials

WITH THE SECOND ARMY IN ARKANSAS — (P)— Along jungle-like swamplands bordering the Ouachita river for miles opposing forces of the Second army felt out one another at points 30 miles apart Tuesday.

With midnight lifting the curtain on activities after the Labor Day celebration the first clash came at dawn near Camden. The 27th Division (N. Y.) after setting up a thin defense around the east end of pontoon bridges across the wide stream received orders from Major General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., to hold the crossing.

At the same time the Kotnik forces learned of the small holding forces and units from the 5th and 6th regular army divisions begin feeling out the 27th's front line.

Anxious to Strike

The Second Cavalry division anxious to strike across the Ouachita near Crosscut moved into a compact concentration within ten miles of the river and prepared to speed its 11,000 men and 6,000 horses across at the first opportunity.

Then in midmorning Maj. Gen. John Milenkin received orders that the bridge over the Ouachita on Highway 82—only main passage through the swamplands—was only partly destroyed and gave orders to repair it.

The Cavalry men were expected to sweep across the thick pine forests super imposed in a tangle of oaks to present obstacles to any bold

(Continued on Page Six)

## Southwest Beauties in Nation's Eye



NEA Service Telephoto

The lovely, vivacious eyelet at left is Louise Tucker, waitress in Albuquerque, N. M., nightclub who had the temerity to say "maybe" when showman Earl Carroll asked her to work for him.

At right is 18-year-old Gloria Brynn of Port Arthur, Texas taking on a bit more tan before she leaves for Atlantic City, N. J. to enter Miss America beauty contest as Miss Texas.

## Americans Lost in Ferry Plane

### Count Guy de Baillelet-Latour Among 10 Missing

LONDON—(P)—Two Americans and Count Guy de Baillelet-Latour, son of the chairman of the international Olympic Committee, were among the 10 persons aboard the transport plane of the RAF ferry service given up as lost by the British air ministry.

Count Guy de Baillelet-Latour had been in Washington on a mission as a member of the staff of minister of colonies of the Belgian government. He was assistant military attaché to the Belgian embassy in London and son-in-law of James Clement Dunn political advisor of secretary of State Hull.

The Americans were Captain S. Pickering, of the U. S. Navy, a passenger, and flight engineer Charles Alvin Spence of Little Neck, N. Y., a member of the crew.

The plane left North America, presumably Canada, on Monday.

Capt. Pickering, who was reported missing by the U. S. Navy on an overcast plane, was a native of Baltimore. He was 51-years-old and commanded the submarine O-10 during the World war. For heroic action at this command he was given the Navy Cross and holds victory medal of his class.

The navy did not disclose his mission.

## Use Of Alcohol Highest in France

BERN—(P)—The Swiss, living in a mountainous country and working much out of doors, consume three times as much alcohol as Americans, but they are far from being the heaviest drinkers in Europe.

Statistics published by Tapi Voionmaa, Finnish minister in Bern, in his recent work, "Researches on the Alcohol Question," show that between 1935 and 1937 the average Frenchman drank 20 litres (more than five gallons) of pure alcohol a year.

For other countries, the figures were: Spain (1930), 15 litres; Italy (1937), 10 litres; Portugal (1937), 8 litres; Greece and Rumania (6), 5 litres; Great Britain (45), Hungary and Yugoslavia (4), Germany and Bulgaria (3.8), the United States and Sweden (3 to 3.5).

## Cotton

By the Associated Press

NEW ORLEANS

	Open	High	Low	Close
October	17.18	17.34	17.17	17.21
December	17.35	17.50	17.34	17.41
January	17.49	17.49	17.49	17.45
March	17.18	17.72	17.55	17.60
May	17.65	17.81	17.64	17.70
July	17.71	17.71	17.64	17.63

NEW YORK

October 17.12

17.29

17.12

17.21

December 17.26

17.50

17.26

17.38

January 17.43

17.48

17.41

17.41

17.45

March 17.48

17.70

## Champ Needed for Hosiery

## U. S. Cotton Hose Industry Needs a Champion

By Sigrid Arne  
WASHINGTON — For three years David H. Young could have used his phone for a hat rack. It practically never rang because so few people were interested in a master-weaver who was designing cotton hosiery. It was to laugh.

Now the long distance calls pile up in his office at the Department of Agriculture. Frantic hosiery manufacturers want to know what can be done with cotton.

Young can tell them. He has a "dictionary of design" including 400 different ways to weave cotton mesh hose. He was hired three years ago by the department to develop his ideas.

Then there was no indication that Japan's silk supply would be shut off. The Department certainly didn't foresee these women, three-deep at store counters, demanding silk hose by the dozen pairs. The Department had only a wistful hope that some day American women would take to cotton hosiery—if they were fancy enough—and thereby help use up the cotton surplus.

Now It's Cotton Anyway  
It seems that last year we women bought 43 million dozen pairs of hose. We would have used up 300,000 bales of cotton if all those hose had been cotton.

Now it looks like we'll be wearing the cotton.

It really doesn't sound so bad to hear Young talk, and to see the samples he has. He shucks at the thought of chiffon hose with a sport outfit. He thinks women should develop hosiery wardrobes.

So he has woven fine stripes to wear with tailored suits, delicate meshes for evening dresses, bolder meshes for sporty clothes, herringbone weaves to go with herringbone woolens.

Young comes from a long line of weavers. He started designing some of our finest silk fabrics 25 years ago. Then he retired. But he retired to Hollywood, where the clothes so stimulated his fancy that he opened an experimental laboratory.

Just Give Him Time

Just about that time the girls got it into their head to go bare-legged. That didn't please Young, so he devised the sunburn "bare-legged" hose. You remember, they had no seam, and they were so fine they hardly were visible. That fad caught on.

Then the girls began to kick about too much sheen in hose. So Young thought of twisting the fiber as the hose was woven. We got those lustrous high-twist hose.

Since he has been working for the Department of Agriculture Young has had some more practical ideas. He designed a two-way stretch top now in use on some silk hosiery. It's a great saver when a woman stoops suddenly to pick up her compact. The hose stretches, and the result is fewer runs.

He also has devised a way of weaving heels which eliminates the side seam. He did that because women took to wearing shoes without heels.

Now Young grins over the cotton hose consternation. He says all that cotton hose need at this point is the championship of some great beauty.

An Indiana judge suggests longer courtships. Longer marriages would be even better.

## Standings

## SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION

Club	W.	L	Pct.
Atlanta	94	53	.640
Nashville	78	63	.553
Chattanooga	76	70	.521
New Orleans	73	73	.600
Birmingham	70	74	.486
Little Rock	64	76	.457
Memphis	63	83	.432
Knoxville	59	85	.410

**Monday's Results**  
Atlanta-New Orleans, rain.  
Three night double-headers.

**Games Tuesday**  
Nashville at Little Rock. (2)  
Only game scheduled.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

Club	W.	L	Pct.
New York	89	45	.664
Boston	70	63	.526
Chicago	70	64	.522
Cleveland	65	65	.500
Detroit	64	69	.481
St. Louis	58	73	.443
Philadelphia	58	73	.443
Washington	53	75	.414

**Monday's Results**  
New York 13-1, Philadelphia 11-5.  
Boston 13-10, Washington 9-2.  
Chicago 7-4, Cleveland 5-3.  
Detroit 9-16, St. Louis 5-8.

**Games Tuesday**  
No games scheduled.

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

Club	W.	L	Pct.
St. Louis	83	45	.648
Brooklyn	83	46	.643
Cincinnati	70	55	.560
Pittsburgh	68	59	.535
New York	62	66	.484
Chicago	57	74	.435
Boston	52	75	.409
Philadelphia	36	91	.283

**Monday's Results**  
New York 7-4, Philadelphia 2-3.  
Brooklyn 6-2, Boston 5-2, second game tie.  
Cincinnati 2-4, Chicago 1-5.  
St. Louis 5-6, Pittsburgh 3-3.

**Games Tuesday**  
Boston at Brooklyn.  
Cincinnati at Chicago.  
Only games scheduled.

## The Work Of a Career Woman

## Mother of 12 Children Is Industrial Engineer

By ADELAIDE KERR  
AP Feature Service Writer

People get a little dizzy when they hear of Dr. Lillian Gilbreth's career.

She has achieved fame as an industrial engineer, mothered 12 children, received three doctor's degrees, taught management in colleges, served on national organization boards and co-authored several books.

Now, at 63, she is one of less than 10 women among the 15,000 members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. In addition to her engineering work she is also a visiting professor of management at Pur-

She was a quiet home girl, a dashing, broad-shouldered bachelorette in her early thirties. Within a year they were married and moved to New York. The next 17 years saw the growth of their dual engineering career and the birth of their six sons and six daughters. They had

planned that many! "I was willing to give up my career for the responsibilities of marriage," Dr. Gilbreth told me. "But my husband didn't want me to. He was a feminist—more so than I in my early years. He marched in suffrage parades. I had babies and couldn't, you see."

"Gradually his interest turned from building to scientific management, where my training in the social sciences was of use."

In their big Montclair, N. J., house the Gilbreths set up a combined office-laboratory where they began their work as pioneers in industrial engineering, applied both to business and households. Industrialists employ-

ed them to locate bottlenecks and continue a career," Dr. Gilbreth said. "But my husband said, 'We teach management, so we shall have to practice it.'

"He helped me in every way. Before the children could fall downstairs he took them to the top and taught them to creep down backwards. He helped in their teaching and in devices for shortening my household work."

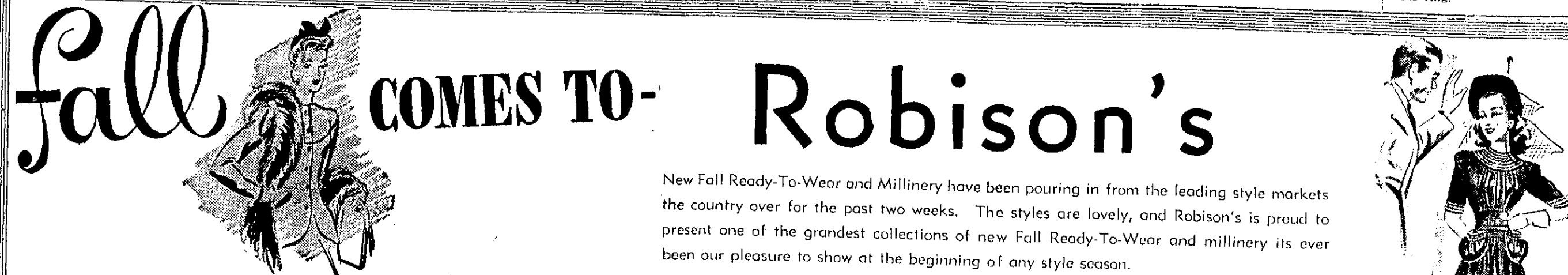
In 1924 Frank Gilbreth dropped dead in a telephone booth and his wife was left to carry on the work and education of their children alone. She did both, achieved a rating as one of the country's leading women engineers, and received two

more honorary doctor's degrees.

Before our chat ended, I asked Dr. Gilbreth, now the grand-mother of eight, for her time-saving secrets.

"First, get up early," she said. "Second, do long term planning—two years ahead or more. Schedule your main objective first and plan in the light of that. Third, learn how much time it takes to prepare and do away with work as well as to do it, and allow enough time for it all. Fourth, keep it a game—and don't feel too sad if you miss."

Kentucky moonshiners used a bell to warn of revenue officers. A regular booze ring!



## HERE'S THE PICK OF THE 1941 STYLE PARADE

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Not the detail on these dresses that goes on the more expensive ones, but tops at this low price. Tailored styles in these practical fabrics.

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## SEE THE GAY GIBSON JUNIOR DRESSES

and catch the fancy of the entire regiment practically single handed. Gay Gibson girls march into the hearts of men without resistance. These brilliant young dresses are made for stragglers like you. — See them at once.

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- C . . . Gay Gibson all wool jersey 10.98
- D . . . Rayon Gayspun in Briaroot 5.98



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NASHVILLE

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HOPE

# SOCIETY

Daisy Dorothy Heard, Editor

Telephone 768

## Social Calendar

Tuesday, September 2nd  
The Woodman Circle, Grove 196, will meet at the Woodman hall to make plans for the district meeting which is to be held in Hope on October 7, 7:30 o'clock.

The Executive Council of the First Christian church will meet at the home of Mrs. Ted Jones, 3 o'clock.

Tuesday Contract Bridge club, home of Mrs. R. L. Broach, 2:30 o'clock.

Wednesday, September 3rd  
Clara Lowthorp chapter, Children of the Confederacy, home of Miss Rosalyn Hall, with Miss McFadden and Miss Campbell, co-hostesses, 4 o'clock.

Thursday, September 4th  
Pat Clairborne chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, home of Mrs. J. A. Henry, 4 o'clock. This being the last meeting of the official years, all officers will be expected to give detailed reports of the years work.

**Birthday of Little Miss Roberta Howard Is Celebrated at Party**  
On her sixth birthday little Miss Roberta Howard was honored at a delightful birthday party given by her mother, Mrs. Catherine Howard, at their home Monday afternoon.

Members of the very young social set were entertained during the afternoon by Mrs. R. L. Broach, who told a number of fascinating stories to an attentive audience, and Mrs. Henry Haynes, who directed the interesting games. Caps and whistles were distributed as favors, and pictures were taken of the group.

The large white birthday cake embossed with garlands of pink roses and topped with six white glowing candles centered the dimly covered dining table. The central arrangement was flanked by pink roses and elimists arrangements. The birthday motif was further carried out in the delicious ice cream and individual cakes topped with pastel roses and tiny glow-

JUANITA

I looked at a star, then I looked at you. I wished you stay the way you are, and I wish my wish comes true.

GEORGE

## Rialto

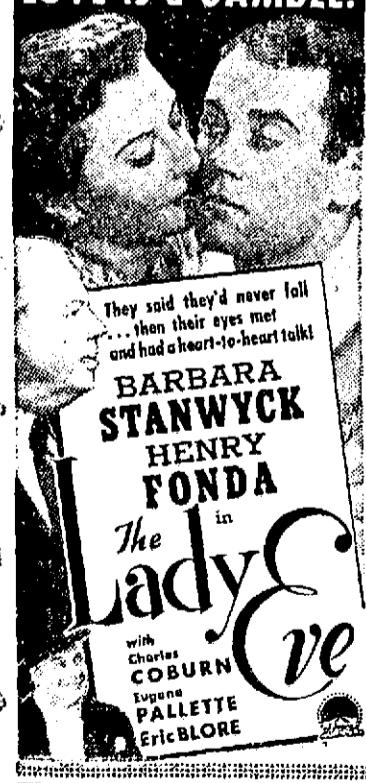
TUESDAY ONLY  
"LADY EVE"  
BARBARA STANWYCK  
HENRY FONDA

Wednesday-Thursday  
• DOUBLE FEATURE •

## "FIGHTING 69th"

AND

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Sun.-Mon.-Tues.-"Man Power."  
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Fri.-Sat.-"Billy the Kid In Texas"  
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Tues.-Wed.-Thurs.-"The Lady Eve"  
and "Fighting 69th"  
Fri.-Sat.-"Six Shooting Sheriff" and  
"Who Killed Aunt Maggie"  
Sun.-Mon.-"In the Navy"

Motion Pictures Are Your  
Best Entertainment!

## Stories From Washington

### Town Has Been Too Serious to Be Humorous

By SIGRID ARNE  
WASHINGTON—It's been a year since Washington was in a mood to tell stories. The town has been too serious to award more than a bored smile to the out-of-towners who arrived with the "latest one."

But now, suddenly, there is a rash of ridiculous whimsies. They're not bar-room. They're just bushy. I'll pass on some of the favorites.

Bug-House Fable

Two men were sitting across a desk hard at work when suddenly in walked a tiny little man. He walked straight up the left wall, trotted across the ceiling, down the right wall and out the door without a word.

The two men watched silently and went back to their work.

In ten minutes the door swung open again. In came the same little man. He hurried up the left wall, across the ceiling and then down the right wall and out the door.

"Say, what's going on here?" asked one of the men at work.

"I don't know," said the second, "but he's crazy."

Poem

There's a new version of an old poem which is done with gestures, first dreamy and then irritated. It goes this way:

"I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth I know not where,  
I lost ten of the cock-eyed things  
that way."

Can't Get Used To It

The Easterer, having his first look around a silver fox ranch, walked down rows and rows of pens, each with a sleek fox in it. He kept murmuring, "Marvelous, marvelous."

Suddenly he stopped and asked brightly, "How often do you skin them?"

"Oh, just twice a year," drawled the rancher. "It makes them nervous."

Luck of the British

There's quite a batch of Hitler stories. One tells about him coming out of brown fog to ask for Moses. It was quite an order but his aides finally got him through.

Hitler came right to the point. "Moses, how did you divide the Red Sea that time?"

Moses hemmed a bit, said it was a long time ago. But then he remembered. "Oh, I had a rod and I waved it."

"Well, where's the rod now?" "Now?" echoed Moses. "It's in the British Museum."

Small World

Then let me tell one that really happened, and to me. I had two tickets for the premiere of "Sergeant York."

By 6 o'clock I realized I couldn't make the very gala opening. But I wanted the tickets used, so I called friends in the same apartment. They couldn't use them. So I thought of cheery Alberta Pettersson on the apartment switchboard.

She sounded very pleased. "I'd love to go. You see, Sergeant York is my uncle."

Tennis Star

Has Own Rules

Claims That Beauty  
Is More System  
Than Secret

By BETTY CLARKE  
AP FEATURE

Sarah Palfrey Cooke, the tennis star, claims that beauty is more system than secret. Five feet three, pert and pretty, with a figure fit for a model, she keeps to a year-round schedule of exercise and diet.

Sarah likes to kick. And how she kicks! Her head soars over her heart almost as fast as her volleys on the court. The forward kick, she says, helps keep the legs limber and shapey.

Try This One!

She has another favorite exercise, good for waistline and legs. She lies on the floor, arms straight out from the shoulder, and brings her left leg across her body to touch her right hand—and then does the same thing with the right. Beginners probably will find it necessary to edge the foot toward the hand.

Sarah has the kind of hair that looks oily and tangled if not washed once a week. She washes it herself, and sets it for a pompadour, although she says she'd have it done if she could find the time.

The tennis star avoids daytime eye makeup, probably because her deepest eyes are green enough to need no color aid. Her lashes and brows are very attractive just as they are. Her skin shows something more than a pink flush after she's been in the sun a little long, and her freckles peek through even after careful powdering.

She diets continually, but in a fashion of her own. She tries not to eat too much, frequently skips meals except for once a day during tournament time, and says that she can't eat at all just before a match. Product of that system is a summer weight of 115, winter of 112.

Mrs. Cooke (her husband is Elwood Cooke, pro tennis player) dresses like a fashion model, prefers light blues in summer, bright reds in winter, and is given to orange slacks that fit like tailored trousers. On the court she wears pleated white shorts. She cares little for ornament, wearing only an initial pin this past summer.

She was a Boston debutante before tennis tournaments took her away from home. This winter the Cookes will live in New York. She expects to keep busy hunting and keeping up the apartment. If there's time, she'll do some painting, for she has studied art, or play a piano, one of her favorite diversions.

OUT OUR WAY

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



warning him that unless he quits turning down roles at Warners he'll be 70 years old before he finishes his seven-year contract . . . Bing Crosby owns part of a night club, the Pirates' Den, but never gets foot in that or any other gay spot.

Metro's in a spot. About 10 years ago the company bought 78 acres adjoining its main lot to use mostly as storage space for sets. There are oil fields nearby, and now geologists have determined that at least \$10,000,000 worth of oil lies under the clutter of studio equipment. Bids are tempting, but M-G-M needs the land. They've suggested they remake "Boom Town" while really drilling a few wells.

Baseball is about to have its innings on the screen. The life story of Connie Mack is being written; Sam Goldwyn is sending Lou Gehrig's biography into production, and Babe Ruth is coming to bat at 20th-Fox . . . When Barbara Hutton was dancing at Ciro's one evening, and wearing jewels to her elbows, someone cracked: "She can't deny that that stuff came from the 5-and-10."

### Encouraging

BUDAPEST—(AP)—Hairdressers and barbers of Szeged held a shaving and haircutting contest in which the winner set a speed record of 30 seconds of 30 seconds. It is expected that the winner's subject will recover.

## MIDDLE-AGE WOMEN (38-52 yrs. old)

### HEED THIS ADVICE!!

If you're cross, restless, NERVOUS—just not flushed, dizzy—caused by this period of a woman's life—Lydia Pinkham's Compound. Made especially for women. Hundreds of thousands remarkably helped. Follow label directions. WORTH TRYING!

### We Drive Cars to Earn Livings

SAN FRANCISCO—(AP)—Over half the auto mileage driven in 1940 was "connected with earning a livelihood or closely related economic pursuits," the California State Automobile association asserts, basing its finding on "recent statistical studies."

Of interest because of gasoline rationing proposals, the association adds, is the fact that the average annual mileage for all groups of private owners was 8,139. Commercial travelers averaged 18,791; physicians, attorneys and salesmen, 12,000, and farmers 5,700.

It was asserted that town and country owners made 290 to 400 trips yearly "for necessary purposes."

## TO CHECK MALARIA IN 7 DAYS take 666

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(W. T. and Cline Franks)

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REFRIGERATION SERVICE

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## WANTED

3  
EXPERIENCED  
WAITRESSES

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## Diamond Cafe

Hope, Ark.

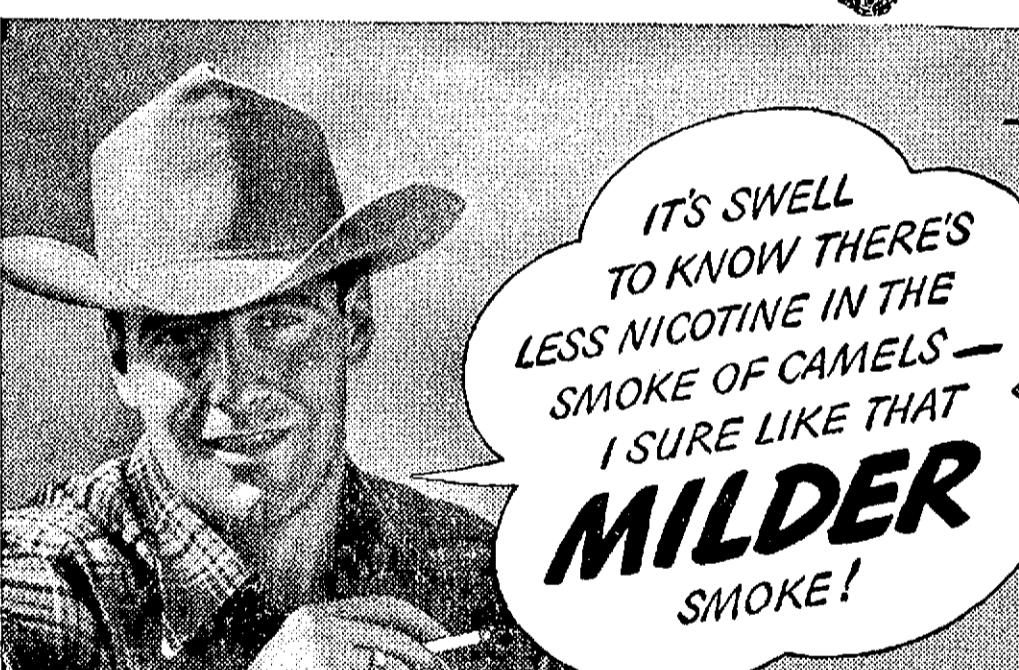
## CHECK, PARDNER, CAMELS ARE MILD—EXTRA MILD!

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

## 28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!



IT'S GRAND CHAMPION COWBOY PAUL CARNEY. At Cheyenne, Tucson, Pendleton—on sun-fishin' saddlers... barbarous bareback broncs—this lean, leathered Arizona top-hand outperformed 'em all. He tells you this about cigarettes: "Less nicotine in the smoke means just that much more mildness to me. I'm glad I switched to Camels."

Yes, by actual comparison (see right, above) less nicotine in the smoke than any of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested. Less nicotine in the smoke—freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat—extra mildness. Switch to the slower-burning cigarette of costlier tobaccos now!

### That EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK

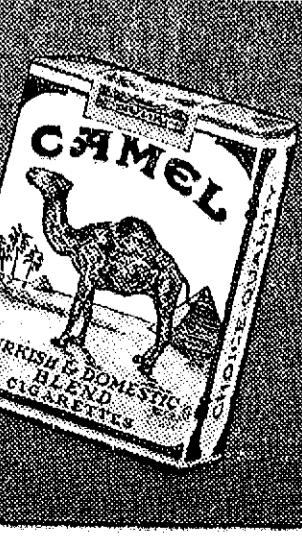
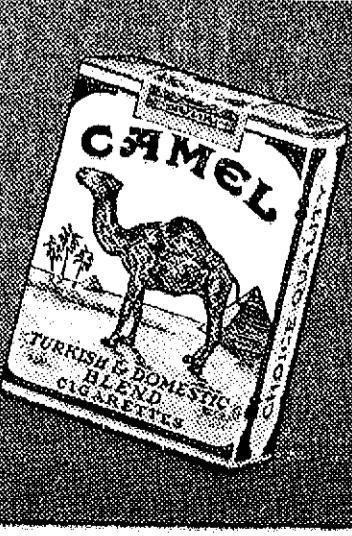
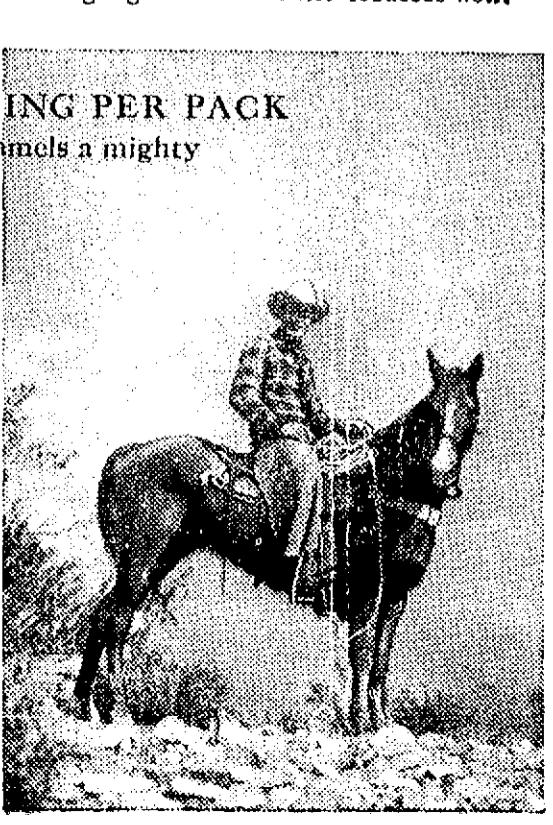
makes slower-burning Camels a mighty

### THRIFTY smoke."

• BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to

### 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

For even greater economy and convenience, get Camels by the carton at attractive carton prices.



IF YOU'RE SMOKING MORE than you once did, you'll appreciate Camel's slower burning all the more. Not only less nicotine in the smoke but also more coolness and an extra flavor that livens up even a tired taste. Camels always taste good.

**Camel**  
THE CIGARETTE OF  
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Want Ads talk to Thousands  
SELL, RENT, BUY OR SWAP

All Want Ads cash in advance. Not taken over the Phone

One time—2c word, minimum 30c  
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## For Sale

BUY USED FURNITURE NOW AND SAVE! See our stock of used items. Chairs, Tables, Beds, and many others. Highest prices paid for your used furniture. FRANKLIN FURNITURE CO., S. Elm street. 8-1-1M-

BARGAIN, TWO DESIRABLE 75 foot lots. Good location, 1002 East 3rd St. Phone 808J. Mrs. David Davis. 27-7ic

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HOUSETRAILERS. LEVERS BROS. factory built as low as \$345. See them at Branch Factory 1812 W. 7th St. Texarkana, Tex. 7-1mp

HOUSE TRAILERS FOR SALE, NEW and used. See Thelma Stephens or Charles Blood, Darwin's Courts on Highway 4. Phone 22 F 2. 8-12-1m

## For Sale Misc.

SOME NICE BOSTON AND COCKER puppies, drive out and see them. Padgett Kennels 28-6tp

## Real Estate For Sale

IMPROVED FARMS IN NEVADA County and Miller county, Arkansas. For any size farm and price, if interested see or call L. Suckla, Prescott, Arkansas. 1-1mp

70-ACRE FARM, PLENTY OF WATER. Two miles from town. Good place to build. See or write Wade Warren. 2-3tp

Furniture For Sale  
IDEAL FURNITURE STORE HAS moved next door to Saenger Theater, for better prices on furniture see us. 21-30tc

## Lost

ELGIN WRIST - WATCH, SERIAL number 35753997, case number EL-14272. Please help out a soldier and forward to Private Ansel M. Peura, 132nd Infantry, APO 33, Camp Robinson, Ark., or bring to Hope Star office for forwarding. 1-3dh

WHITE AND BLACK SPOTTED female Toy Fox Terrier, Named "Skippy." Reward. 1022 South Walnut St. Phone 293. 1-1-3tc

The boss has returned from vacation and everybody is working again!

## WANT-AD ROMANCE

By TOM HORNER

## Hope Star

Star of Hope, 1899; Press 1927, Consolidated January 18, 1929.

Published every work-day after noon by Star Publishing Co., Inc. (C. E. Palmer and Alex H. Washburn) at the Star building, 212-214 South Walnut street, Hope, Ark.

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ROOM AND BOARD AT BLACK Hotel, Washington, Arkansas, cool rooms with modern conveniences, good home cooked meals, at reasonable rates. 23-11

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FOR BETTER CHILI HAMBURGERS Hot dogs and coffee go to Jean's Sandwich Shop. 6 hamburgers or hot dogs in a sack for 25c. 19-11

## Beauty School

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF BEAUTY Culture, Arkansas oldest and best school is now enrolling Sept. and Oct. classes. Complete Six months course \$50 cash, terms \$60. For better training diplomas. Positions waiting. Can work for room and board. Write Dorothy Palmer, 116 Main St., North Little Rock, Ark. 29-5tp

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2 OR 3 ROOM UNFURNISHED apartment. Call 158 or 548. 18-1f

SMALL FARM FOR CASH RENT Immediate possession if possible. Phone 689. 1-3tp

WANTED TO BUY FROM OWNER: 5 or 6 room house. State price in first letter. J. H. Grady, 319 Hobson Ave., Hot Springs, Ark. 1-3tp

## Who's Dumb?

ASHEVILLE, N. S.—(P)—A. S. Nicholson, 99, a veterinarian 64 years, says

animals are a lot like humans, "only sometimes they act with more sense when they get sick."

Whatever your position in life, take care of your health, it doesn't care how important you are!

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## Today's 'Dollar Diplomacy' Builds, Instead of Exploiting, South America

The Axis powers are waging two wars—a "shooting" war in Europe and a "suitcase" war—with an army of secret salesmen on the economic front. They made considerable progress under an elaborate plan for economic domination of Latin America. But Uncle Sam is catching up. In "Suitcase War in Latin America," Peter Edson, N.E.A. Service Washington correspondent, tells in six straight-from-the-shoulder articles how this vital trade war is being waged . . . the early Axis victories . . . Uncle Sam's gradual awakening to the danger . . . his current counterattack, which is making up lost ground and more. The last of Edson's informative-rich articles appears below.

By PETER EDSON

WASHINGTON — The question naturally arises as to where all this cooperation with South America—where all this to-do over hemisphere solidarity and hemisphere economic defense—is going to end.

What's it going to get the South Americans?

What's it going to get the United States—as a government, as a people, as a collection of individual business men?

There are some far-seeing individuals who think in terms of world trade who say that you can trace very definitely the removal of one ship from an ocean shipping lane, right down to the effect it has on some farmer in Missouri who is forced to carry on his back something that his mule used to tote for him.

If that international theory is a good index, it is logical that everything that's economic news in South America is of interest to everyone in North America, and all this big buildup of the new world reaches right down to grass roots both in pampas and prairies.

"Yes," say scoffers and doubting Thomases, "one of these days, after the war is over, we're going to wake up and find that by building up South America, all we've done is built up a competitor for world markets."

Maybe so. Let's have a look: It takes either a sap or a seer to make statements about what is going to be the state of our world after the war's over. But the perspective of Washington's economic warfare strategists outlines a set of circumstances which sounds like sense. The basis of one theory as to where North and South America are going to come



With almost no sources of internal taxation, Latin American republics were forced to tax directly on imports and exports—such as this shipment of Peruvian cattle. By helping Latin America build up taxable industrial payrolls, the U. S. is working to remove this barrier to free trade.

out of this world mess, it goes something like this:

### Building South America Builds U. S. Trade

It is admitted, in the first place, that the United States is helping South Americans build up their own industries. Take textiles as an example.

South American wool and cotton used to be sold raw to Europe, where looms spun and wove them into cloth to sell back to the South Americans. That trade is now all gone.

One way to solve the problem is to let the South Americans look after their own surplus bales, build their own cotton mills. Another is to give them a life over tough times.

The latter policy is being followed. Just a couple of examples:

In Quito, Ecuador, there is a new carpet factory and a tweed industry running overtime today making carpets and tweed. A New York department store sells Quito's products, and can't get enough to supply the demand.

In Peru, there's a cotton mill that makes Indian weaves the like of which this country used to import from Czechoslovakia by the shipload as part prints.

The equipment for the mills in Quito and Lima was second-hand, shipped down to help those people keep employed in the face of a crisis. It was, frankly, an experiment. The results read like a fairy story, but they are sober fact. Payrolls are being built up in those mills, and in scores of other infant industries like them, and the regions are prospering.

Now, it is true that as those industries grow, they may offer a threat of competition to United States industry. But a strange thing happened: As Czechoslovakia became more industrialized, its imports from the United States increased.

Czechoslovakia Offers Precedent But take a parallel: Czechoslovakian prints were mentioned above. Right after the last war, when the infant Czechoslovakian republic was struggling to establish its identity and a place for its people in the world scheme of things, the importation of Czechoslovakian products was encouraged by the U. S. government, to help the little land get going.

They were competition to United States industry, true. But a strange thing happened: As Czechoslovakia became more industrialized, its imports from the United States increased. Czechoslovakians, having dollars, began buying more and more from the United States and the United States built up a sizeable trade that had never before existed. The purchase of Czech goods increased payrolls in Czechoslovakia, and expanding payrolls created an increasing demand for U. S. merchandise, movies, machinery, bides than the Bata shoe factories, miscellany. Why couldn't the same thing happen again—this time in South America?

Building up payrolls is important, and it's a particular asset in South America because the primitive internal economy of every country in South America has in the past been dependent on barter to a large extent. No money changed hands. There were no payrolls. The government therefore had nothing to tax for its income.

That last is the important point. There being few sources of internal taxation, the governments of the Central and South American republics were forced to get their running expenses from taxes on international trade: customs duties on all imports, excise duties on principal exports. Venezuela taxed oil, Brazil taxed coffee, Argentina taxed beef and grain, Chile taxed copper, sugar

True

The phrase "dollar diplomacy" has been held in dispute since the New Deal's good neighbor policy was announced as its successor. But the present Cordell Hull mutual aid policy for the Americas is simply dollar diplomacy with a new twist: Instead of seeing how Latin America can be exploited, the emphasis now is on seeing how Latin America can be helped—and particularly how it can be helped to help itself during the next five years. That "helped to help itself" is the important thing.

Back in 1812, there was a fellow named Simon Bolivar who at last is beginning to be heard of more and more in the school books of North America. Simon Bolivar was the George Washington of South America.

It was Bolivar's dream that all the people of South America should unite in one federation of independent states like the United States. If South Americans are now helped to help themselves, Bolivar's dream may come true. Real hemisphere solidarity!

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Some folks won't get on their feet until their auto is stolen.

## New Airport at the Capital

### Gadgets at New Modern Airport Draws Crowds

By SIGRID ARNE

WASHINGTON, D. C. — This village's new airport is the best show in town, congress notwithstanding. It is said to be the most modern airport in the world, and it should be. Some half dozen government departments collaborated to build it.

They have concocted a majestic scene, but it's really the gadgets which get the crowds.

For one thing, weighing in the baggage has been simplified. It's done at the long row of desks where the air passenger buys his ticket.

The traveler steps up with his bags. He buys his ticket, and gives the information needed for the record of his trip—weight, phone number, destination, and number of bags.

Then the bags are lifted onto a low platform which flanks the desk. The platform is a seat, so immediately a little dial on the ticket desk swings around and registers the weight.

### No More Bag Worry

Maybe the loud-speaker already is announcing the departure of the plane. The passenger pockets his ticket and forgets about his bag as he saunters downstairs to the run-way.

Two things are happening. His bag has been shoved backward from the scale onto two aluminum doors, flush with the floor. The doors swing open, the bag whooshes down a chute to the ground level onto a small field truck, and the truck rushes the bag bug to the plane.

The man's flight record is taking a similar lightning course. It shoots to a passenger control room, through a concealed tube where men rapidly sort the planes and passengers, making out a "manifest" for each plane. A "manifest" simply is a list of the people going on each plane, and the information about them.

From the control room the manifest takes another chute ride to the ground

## Nothing Up His Magic Sleeve

### Phoney Magician Makes Great Hit at Rainbow Room

By HERMAN ALLEN

AP Feature Service Writer

NEW YORK — Here's a magician who doesn't do any tricks. His name is Russell Swann. He's a zany and he admits it—he doesn't do any tricks. Swann ruffles a pack of cards,

level where the pilot and stewardess are waiting for a copy.

### Gadgets to Spare

Some thirty feet out stands the plane, tuning up to carry people to New York, Miami, Los Angeles and everywhere else. It stands over an co-ordinated set of gadgets which have been designed to service planes and yet leave the field clear of obstructions.

An iron lid opens, and out comes a big rubber hose that is inserted into the plane. In summer the hose sprays cold air into the cabin. In winter it sprays warm air.

Oil hoses, electric lines to the batteries, and even a telephone line come out from under other lids.

### Room Service, Almost

The plane gets an "assist" in landing and taking off from a circular turn-table which is set in the concrete. The right wheel comes to rest on the table, which swings around easily and turns the plane. Object is to save wear and tear on tires.

Up in the passenger reservation room there is a clock that saves on brain wear and tear. It is fitted with silver keys that can be pulled out all around the face. Suppose you arrive 40 minutes early for your plane, and you want to eat, but also you want to be five minutes before plane time. The clock is set. It turns on a red light, just when you want to be called. Your name goes on the loud-speaker, and you walk leisurely to the plane.

From the control room the manifest takes another chute ride to the ground

"Choose a card," he says. "Any card." The victim does.

"Thank you," says Swann. "And now introducing Max, the educated cobra. Patrick, where is Max?"

Patrick trots on. He's a Chinese boy.

"Introducing Max," Swann proclaims. "Max, the educated cobra." He waves at a covered basket. Patrick has deposited on a little table.

"Max," he repeats in a mysterious tone—"Max, the educated cobra."

Patrick holds him a turban, a turkish towel, and one of those Hindu clarinets. Swann pitches the deck of cards into the basket, wraps the towel around his head and puffs into the clarinet, prostrating himself before the basket. The lid of the basket rises, out comes a stuffed cloth snake with a card in its mouth.

Swann seizes the card. "What was your card?" he asks the victim.

"King of clubs," the victim says.

"King of clubs!" shouts Swann, waving the card at the orchestra (but not letting the audience catch sight of it). "Right, boys?"

"Right!" shouts the orchestra.

"See?" says Swann, and takes a bow.

No trick, but the Rainbow Room audience howls. The whole act is like that. He makes bowls of goldfish disappear but just can't for the life of him make them reappear, cuts ropes into fragments but just can't get them put together again, ties a handkerchief into a mess of knots, then tosses it to a spectator and tells him, "Here, you get it undone, I can't."

But he has a theory about his act. "The old saying about 'people like to be fooled' still goes," he said. "The only thing is, you have to fool them differently."

"I've seen a lot of competent magicians just barely getting along, doing the old tricks in the old way. My idea is still the fool 'em—and, boy, how I fool 'em. They expect some terrific feat of magic, but all they get is a laugh. They're still fooled, see?"

"What's your husband growling about?"

"He's cross as an old bear because I'm taking him out to enjoy himself."

Whistling contest was held at an Illinois fair. The winner should have been given a small-town postoffice.

## Private Ezra Has Tough Time

### 'Henry' of Aldrich Family Is in the Army Now

Editor's Note: Ezra Stone, Henry of the Aldrich family radio show, is in the Army now as a draftee. Also a stage and film star and a stage director, Stone now goes into the letter writing business with this rollicking piece from Camp Upton. You will hear from him again!

Hi-yo!

Maybe I'm crazy. So far I think Army life is swell, even the coffee. Although I have to use both hands to lift the cup.

I've been here at Camp Upton, Long Island, seven days now and it's still hard for me to believe I'm a soldier. It's hard for my Captain to believe it too.

The second day here, I was ordered to deliver the morning newspapers to him. As I approached his headquarters I became very nervous, ten times as nervous as I've ever been on any opening night on the stage or on the bow.

"Where you goin, soldier?" someone called. "Hey, you with the papers! Hey, Shorty!"

I turned. It was my Corporal, who always calls me Shorty. He himself is a full inch shorter than my stately 5 foot 3.

"Why aren't you policing around your barracks?" he snapped.

"I'm on special detail, sir," I explained. "I have to deliver these papers to the Captain. I'm worried too. How do you go about it?"

He looked at me blankly for a moment and then as he disappeared into our barracks, he barked: "Open them up to the funny page! Have them through his window, yell P-A-P-E-R and run like h—!"

Just then a screen door flew open behind me. "What's all the racket?"

I moved my lips but nothing came out. There on the porch before me

was "Ezra in sun-tan," the Captain.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he asked coldly.

I advanced to him as smartly without stiffness, my head up, chin in and eyes straight ahead. But I completely missed aim on the first step and fell flat on my face.

The newspapers blew across the lawn and my garrison hat went rolling down the walk.

Without getting up I raised my hand to salute and blurted out: "Mister Black, I'm Captain Stone, I'm surprised to—"

I couldn't believe my ears. But that is what I had said. I addressed my commanding officer as "Mister" and appointed myself "Captain" my second day at Camp Upton. You will hear from him again!

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# Fear Ballyhoo Will Backfire

## Washington Big- Wigs Try to Drama- tize Democracy

By Sigrid Arne

WASHINGTON — For months, here in Washington, there has been much talk about "dramatizing Democracy." Heads have been bent over luncheon tables trying to devise methods for reminding Americans of the freedoms they enjoy. Plans have been presented, and pigeon-holed. Idea-tusslers have gathered evenings.

But so far, nothing official has come of all the worrying.

There was always the other side of the question to consider. Government officials were afraid that any move might look like propaganda. Opponents witheringly remarked that the planners were only adopting Hitler's methods. Non-interventionists feared that any program to dramatize Democracy might lead to war fever.

Then the National League of Women Voters took the bull by the horns. It announced a campaign of its own which is the essence of simplicity. It's really just one slogan. "Win the battle of production." They're spreading that sentence far and wide

—on window stickers, on billboards, on auto bumper cards on letters, in laundry bundles.

War Talk Soft Pedaled

The League argues: "We're not in the war. So forget that sort of talk. But we are the arsenal for the democracies, so speed up production." They don't give specific advice, like "Save gasoline" or "Give aluminum." They just insist on speed.

The reaction has been quite spontaneous. Governors have paraded willingly to microphones to start off the state campaigns. Factory owners have bought the League's flyers to hand out among employees. Cities have donated billboards for the slogan, done up in red-white-and-blue paint. As an amusing climax, a large advertising concern has written to ask the women the secret of their success!

Their key filer says, "Win America's battle of production. More plates, more tanks, more guns, more goods—FASTER. More getting-together, more sacrifices, more taxes and more work—NOW, to keep free people FREE."

Covering the Ground

Texas women are putting the slogan on match folders. Missouri women are recording production speeches and sending the records out to farm communities. League members on motor trips are dumping handbills in the lobbies of summer hotels. They have invaded labor meetings, Rotary conventions, youth meetings.

In Mexico, Mo., a League wife has induced her aviator husband to trail the slogan from his plane. In dozens of cities League members are giving five-minute talks at neighborhood movies. Morning commuters are hand-

## Army Begins

(Continued on Page Four)

move across the country. The troops movement will be confined to a few roadways.

2 British Officers

WITH THE SECOND ARMY IN ARKANSAS — (3) — The Second army operations in Arkansas Tuesday were under the eyes of two British observers. Major K. H. Lloyd-King and Major B. R. Foote, who arrived Monday night and were attached to the staff of General Richardson, commander of the blue forces who are attempting to extricate themselves from encirclement.

When the Second army consolidates in Louisiana, Major King will be attached to the Second army and Foote to the first army.

Hush, little business, don't you cry, you'll get better—buy and buy!

Good news for orchard owners—school opens in September!

ed the printed slogan in their suburban stations. Business houses are putting it in the monthly bills.

But the woman who seems to hold the laurels at this point is a New Haven, Conn., house-wife who is tied down to her home. So she campaigns by talking to tradesmen who ring her bell. She really cornered the laundry man. He must have troubles of his own, but he's carrying her pamphlets with him on his rounds.

## Morale Report on U.S. Army

### Officers Say Root of Morale Problem Is U. S. Problem

By JOHN GROVER  
AP Feature Service Writer

NATCHIEZ, Miss. — Cock an ear carefully when buck privates talk if you want to get the lowdown on this morale business.

O the motorized march from Florida to Louisiana I listen plenty when the boys are "heating their guns together." (Army for shooting the buzzards.)

Some swear they heard the outfit's going through to the west coast to relieve a regular outfit for Asiatic duty. Others say it's straight dope that they'll be recalled for Caribbean service.

What's behind these rumors? Wishful thinking. These young men want to feel that what they're doing is vital, not playing cops and robbers. Officers say the root of the morale problem is this country's ambiguous position—neither in nor out of the war.

Eye on Congress

National confusion obviously confuses the soldiers. The vast majority left good jobs on induction. They want to know where they're going. Uncertainty isn't so good.

From listening you also get the idea they'd sometimes like a ration of barbecued congressmen, served with a rasher of senators' ears. Isolationists and interventionists are both damned as political phonies.

To prove it, they show you pictures of bitter political enemies grinning and shaking hands after a momentous vote on foreign policy.

"What the hell? You'd think it was a tennis match!" is typical comment.

Tired of Playing

Shortages of equipment raise another important gripe. The boys tell you by the hour of materiel shortages. They're tickled almost pathetically when they do get modern arms. While I was along, word came that an anti-tank battalion would get an issue of 37-mm. guns. You'd have thought it was Christmas. Those kids had been training nine months. Not one had ever seen an AT gun.

The guys in ranks don't analyze reasons for shortages. They see powerful weapons in rotogravure sections. They see powerful weapons in rotogravure sections. They want 'em. They'll be dissatisfied—with reason until they get 'em. They say so.

Minor beefs: low-paid enlisted men still must pay for their laundry; sailors aboard ship don't pay federal tax on cigarettes—soldiers do; sailors are generally higher paid than soldiers; and they think FDR babies the navy.

There's a brighter side. Pride in the outfit is pretty general. "My platoon can outmarch, outfight, outshoot and outlive your bunch of farmers," is a common attitude. It's a healthy sign.

Morale to Spare

Here's an example: In June, the 62nd brigade made a practice march to Ocala, Fla.—120 miles on foot. On return, three miles from camp, they flabbergasted their officers by asking to march into camp in parade formation, instead of easier, sloppier route step. It was their own idea.

Why? They're part of the Dixie division. The Yankee division, from New England is quartered next door. The Yanks had razzed the 62nd, said they "couldn't take it" on the long march. They wanted to "show" the Yankees they could finish full of beans. They swept up the camp street, corky and proud and chip-on-shoulder.

"Morale? Hell, they were busting with it," says Brig. Gen. J. C. Hutchinson. "You get the idea he's near to popping, he's so proud of them."

Sum it all up: There IS some dissatisfaction. Analyze the beefs, and they're mostly legitimate. Don't blame the army for it. If the whole country isn't sure of where it's going, how can the army tell?

## • STORIES IN STAMPS



### Turkey Straddles Road To Rich Oil Reserves

TURKEY sits on the fence in World War II torn between pro-allied sentiments and pro-axial realities. British defeats in Africa and the Balkans and the many victories of the Nazi legions have rendered Turkey a pawn in the game of power politics.

The Turkish predicament is due to the fact that the country straddles an intended German right-of-way to the oil fields of Iraq and Iran. It is estimated Germany needs 7,000,000 and Italy 2,000,000 tons of oil annually to run axis war machines. The rich Mosul oil fields of Iraq alone produce half that much.

When World War II broke out Turkey vehemently stated her intention to protect her borders with "a million bayonets" against all aggressors. That talk was replaced by an uneasy silence as Hitler's blitzkrieg swept through Europe.

Optimistic figures list Turkish army strength at 1,000,000, with a potential reserve of 7,000,000. Actually that figure might well be halved. Included in the reserve are such units as the Scout Buglers, which the government honored philately in 1938 in the stamp above, whose military value is slight.

## Army Develops

(Continued From Page One)

can with a shower-head, hung in a tree. You stand in line for it. That's when things are going good; under war conditions you just remember your last bath.

Household utilities? Every soldier's own vacuum cleaner. Camps are kept spic and span by not throwing things around. Anybody caught losing cigarette butts wins a job policing the whole company street.

Brothers Under the Skin

How about the class of neighbors in this military subdivision? The boys kill three rattlesnakes and a water moccasin. There are nearer neighbors than that, though. Much nearer. Closer than your skin, in fact. They go right through your skin.

Yes, indeed—chiggers, manteating redugs.

Chiggers make an army democratic. Generals scratch just as hard as corporals when the redugs invade.

Chiggers invented the boring-front-within technique.

They say an army in the field

doesn't need bells. Just button your pants to the insect bites, soldiers.

## McCASKILL

Texas spent the weekend with his mother, Mrs. M. O. Gorham.

Mr. Ralph Scott and wife of New York City arrived this week for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Scott Sr.

Mr. Dexter Reese spent the past week with his sister Mrs. Wattie Hooker, of Daisy.

Mrs. Andrew Holland and son Leroy of Ennismore visited Mrs. Dora Wortham and Miss Arline Wortham Sunday.

Miss Velma Lee Hamilton and some friends of Marked Tree spent several days with Mrs. and Mrs. C. A. Hamilton.

Miss Arlie Wortham left Monday for a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Wattie Hooker of Daisy.

Mr. and Mrs. Claud Bradley and little son Billy Claud, Mrs. Julia Collins and daughter Nellie visited relatives in Louisiana this past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester McCaskill and Mr. and Mrs. Tige Munster were visitors to Little Rock and Hot Springs last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Blackmon arrived Wednesday from Oklahoma where they have been the past year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gould were visitors to Murefreesboro Sunday.

Mrs. G. W. Anthony and daughter Bonnie, Miss Janelle McCaskill, Miss Grace Wortham were visitors to Hope Tuesday.

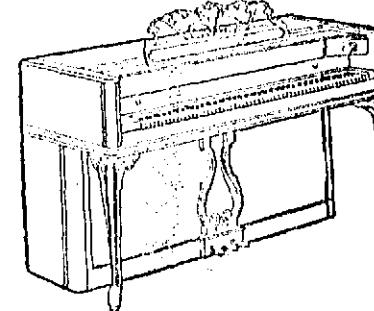
Mr. Ernest Smith of Longview, Texas visited his sister Mrs. Claud Bradley over the week-end.

Bishop W. C. Martin and family of Omaha, Nebraska spent the weekend with relatives here.

You can toss into the discard the old query, "Why does a chicken cross the road?" Under modern traffic conditions it never gets to the other side.

A recent survey of school children in New York City disclosed that one out of every seven pupils had eyesight faults which needed correction.

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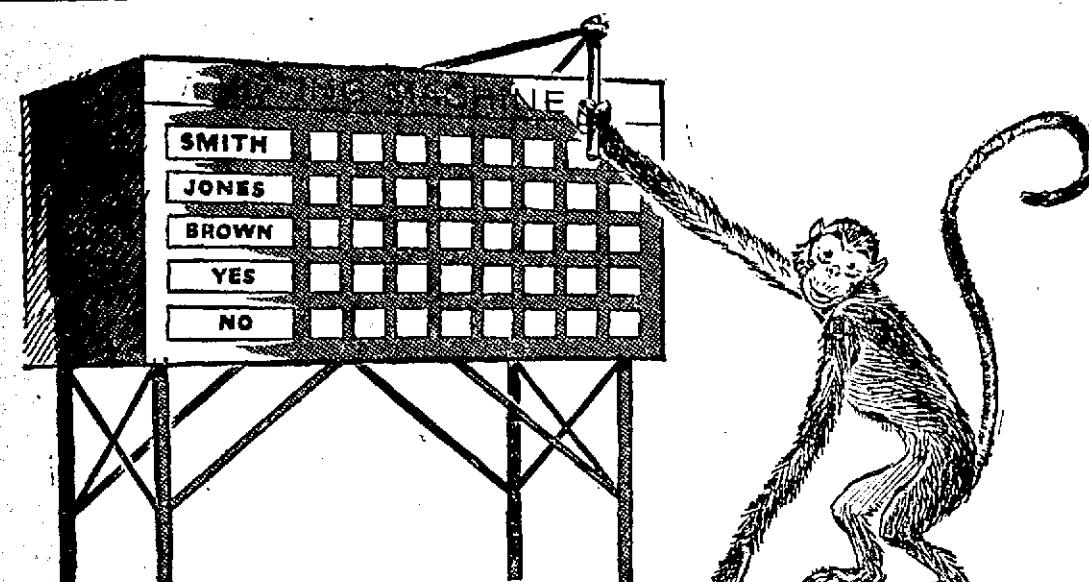
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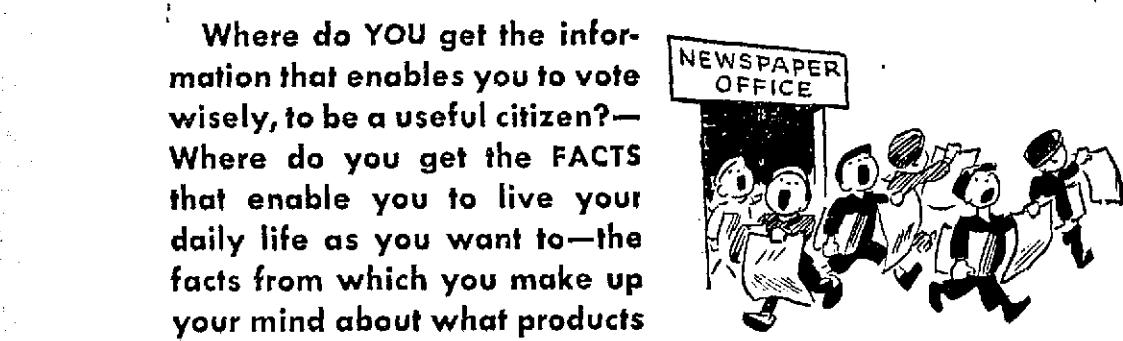
## Votes for Monkeys?

A voting machine is easy to operate. Even a monkey can pull a handle. But we wouldn't think of letting a monkey vote. He's simply too stupid, too ignorant, to help govern the country.

Now suppose any citizen lived like a hermit for a few years, cut off from every source of truthful, accurate news.

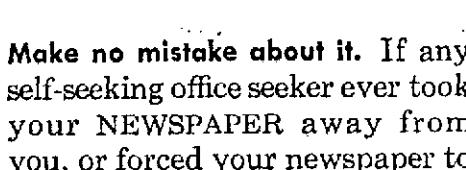
Suppose all he knew of what was going on in the world consisted of lies and by some self-seeking candidates for office.

He'd still be more INTELLIGENT than a monkey. But would he be much better than a monkey when it came to voting, to being a useful citizen?—Would he be much better EQUIPPED than a monkey, from the point of view of information and judgment, to help govern the country?



Where do YOU get the information that enables you to vote wisely, to be a useful citizen?—Where do you get the FACTS that enable you to live your daily life as you want to—the facts from which you make up your mind about what products to buy, where to buy them, how much to pay for them?

NEWS PAPER OFFICE



Make no mistake about it. If any self-seeking office seeker ever took your NEWSPAPER away from you, or forced your newspaper to print lies and propaganda, you'd be mighty IGNORANT about what products to buy, how much to pay for them.

But as long as you HAVE your newspaper, as long as it is FREE to give ALL the news, BOTH sides of every story, NO ONE can force you to "heil"—no phony "dictator" can make a monkey out of you!

\* \*

More than 320 newspapers are carrying this message today to more than 10 million American homes. Newspaper Publishers Committee, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.